

STRIFE and ENVY,

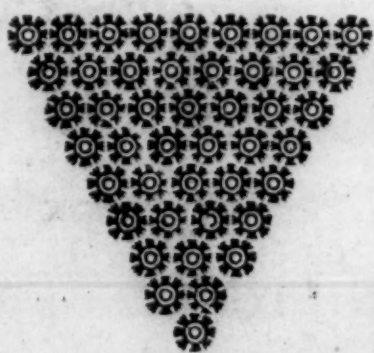
SINCE THE

31
2

FALL of MAN.

A

POEM.



By JOSIAH BURCHET, Esq;

L O N D O N:

Printed for Edward Castle, near Whitehall, 1716.

SPRIFE and ENVA

SINCE THE

FALL OF MAN



By JOHN BURTON

LONDON

Printed for Edward Capps, near Whitehall

S T R I F F E and *E N V Y*,

S I N C E T H E

F A L L of *M A N*.

E'E R the most high had undistinguish'd Light
 Divided from the fable Shade of Night;
 Or e'er his Spirit hover'd o'er the Deep,
 The Elements were one confused Heap.
 Not then bright *Sol* with his all-ripn'ning Rays
 The Chaos warm'd, or cheer'd revolving Days;
 Nor ran pale *Cynthia* her nocturnal Race,
 Or in the Heav'ns display'd her various Face.
 But glimm'ring Dawn no sooner had its Birth,
 And from the yet unfashion'd Mass brake forth,
 Than God, by his omnipotent Command,
 Caus'd pent-up Waters to forsake the Land;
 And as the lighter Parts thin Air compos'd,
 The Earth by those more solid was enclos'd.

B

Then

Then the high Arch with beauteous Lamps he fill'd,
 Ordain'd the Ground should Grass and Herbage yield,
 And Plants and Trees sprang from the teeming Field.
 Thus the Great Lord of All was pleas'd to shew
 The Shadow of his Glory here below,
 Which we can't comprehend, and only he doth know.

The Heav'ns and Earth thus wonderfully fram'd,
 (For so his Works th' Immortal Father nam'd)
 Both Beasts and Fowl had Life by his Decree,
 And num'rous were the In-Mates of the Sea.
 Man next was in th' Almighty's Image made,
 Who sole Command o'er all Things living had;
 And God, in pity to his lonely State,
 Thought good a lovely Female to create,
 Design'd his Comfort, not to urge his Fate.
 But they, though first the Help-meet to him giv'n,
 Regarding not the strict Command of Heav'n,
 Were from the Face of their Creator driv'n.
 Thus *Eve* seduc'd by the vile Prince of Hell:
 Thus our first Father, by her tempted, fell.

Unhappy Man, from Paradise expell'd,
 With anxious Cares the Earth's rough Bosom till'd:
 For Food he toyl'd, bedew'd his weary'd Brows,
 And fruitful *Eve* was doom'd to painful Throws.
 Hence did the Mis'ry of Mankind begin:
 Thus their Descendants were involv'd in Sin.

Cain, the first Off-spring of their Nuptial Bed,
 In jealous Rage the Blood of *Abel* shed;
 Which flagrant Crime the conscious Murd'rer strove
 To hide from the all-searching Eye above:
 And though th' offended Lord in Mercy spar'd
 The Caitiff's Life who this vile Action dar'd,
 Yet he the wand'ring Wretch his glorious Sight debarr'd.]

As Men encreas'd they more obdurate grew,
 False Gods they worshipp'd, and despis'd the True;
 Which caus'd the World's dread Sov'reign to command
 Destructive Waters to o'erwhelm the Land,
 That those who'd thus His holy Spirit griev'd
 No longer might from Vengeance be repriev'd.
 But vertuous *Noah*, God's peculiar Care,
 Had His most sacred Orders to prepare
 A huge Machine, sufficient to receive
 Those Parent-Pairs which were ordain'd to live.

Our second Sire thus by his Maker taught
 The *Shipwright's* Art, long on the Fabrick wrought:
 But the large Float he had no sooner rear'd,
 And Food for all the living Freight prepar'd,
 Than Beasts to Beasts, and Birds to Birds he joyn'd,
 Placing by ev'ry Male the Female Kind:
 Which coupled so, and ready to embark,
 He wisely stow'd in the capacious Ark.

They

They thus secur'd, no Safety was there found
 For those whom God hath destin'd to be drown'd;
 Nor Man, nor Beast, th' incens'd Lord would save,
 But All were bury'd in the liquid Grave.
 No Land was seen, nor mighty Hills appear'd,
 Which tow'rs the Sky their tow'ring Heads had rear'd,
 While *Lamech's* Son, with his promiscuous Train,
 Securely wander'd on the pathless Main.

Nor Mast, nor Sail, the bulky Refuge bore,
 Nor drew they through the Deep the sweeping Oar;
 For while the good Old Man High-Adm'ral rode,
 The Hulk was guided by's indulgent God.

Long on the Surface of the hostile Flood,
 The well-built Vessel fierce Assaults withstood:
 For then from Heav'n prevailing Waters fell
 In pond'rous Spouts, the vast Abyss to swell.
 But when by's winged Spy the Patriarch knew
 The Waters Ebbing from the Earth withdrew,
 And that, at length, as Providence decreed,
 Her slimy Face was from the Deluge freed;
 He from his long Confinement went on Shore,
 With all Things living the huge Mansion bore;
 When each fond Male his willing Mate cares'd,
 And thus their various Kinds were soon encreas'd.

The bounteous Land in Plenty soon brought forth
 What the most High had will'd should thence have Birth,
 And as ambitious Men more num'rous grew,
 To this Place some, others to that withdrew.

In those unrighteous Days a stubborn Race;
 Pione to all Ill, and retrograde to Grace,
 Had impious Thoughts a monstrous Pile to raise,
 Whose lofty Head might penetrate the Skies;
 Presuming so they should their Fate prevent,
 If angry Heav'n a second Deluge sent.
 But God, when thus they did in Sin abound,
 Was pleas'd their single Language to confound,
 And by His mighty over-ruling Hand
 Scatter'd the vile Offenders through the Land.

When o'er the Globe rebellious Men were spread,
 Invet'rate *Envy* shew'd her baleful Head:
 Not by Divine, or Nature's Laws restrain'd,
 Their savage Hands in Human Blood were stain'd.
 T' enlarge their Realms insatiate Princes warr'd;
 And then, as now, unruly Subjects jarr'd.
 Father 'gainst Son, and Son against his Sire,
 Their missive Weapons hurl'd with brutal Ire:
 While each revengeful Mortal study'd how
 He might the Image of himself o'erthrow,
 As if they wanted Elbow-room below.

Thus Men in Days of *Tore* oppress'd their Kind:
 Thus the throng'd World their barb'rous Issue thin'd;
 But lest on Earth they now too long should stay,
 Vast Numbers are destroy'd a more compendious Way.

Branded for ever be that Monster's Name,
 Who first contriv'd the murd'ring Gun to frame;
 And may that Fiend of Hell be doom'd to *Stix*,
 Who taught with Nitre footy Coal to mix.
 Evils like those to Men, by Nature prone
 To baneful Strife, should ne'er have been made known:
 For when poor Wretches, who're expos'd for Pay,
 Destructive Balls into their Tubes convey,
 The sulph'rous Composition doth them send,
 With fatal Swiftnefs to their Journey's End.
 Great Numbers soon are grov'ling in their Blood,
 Where 'gainst the Foe they had undaunted stood;
 And Heaps of breathless Bodies Ramparts make.
 To others, who survive the fierce Attack.
 Here, giving Ground, the Infantry are press'd,
 And by th' insulting Cavalry distress'd:
 While there whole Squadrons of disorder'd Horfe,
 Gaul'd by the Foot have to their Heels Recourse.
 Intrepid Leaders flying Bands excite,
 By their Example, to renew the Fight;
 Who bravely rally, and 'twixt Shame and Rage,
 Those very Troops from which they fled engage.

While

While thus great Numbers on the Land are slain,
 Death rides triumphant o'er the liquid Main.
 When Naval Rivals meet on briny Seas,
 And each his fanguine Flag for Fight displays,
 The straggling Ships into their Stations fall,
 And close the dreadful, floating wooden Wall.
 Then valiant Chieftains equal Chiefs assail,
 And strive with wide-mouth'd Cannon to prevail:
 While ev'ry lofty Carrack takes her Share
 Of the confus'd, and most destructive War.
 Thunder, as loud as that o'th' angry Sky,
 With sulph'rous Flames from the wing'd Bulwarks fly:
 Imperial Jove the dire Event attends,
 And *Æolus*, amaz'd, his blust'ring Winds suspends.
 Impetuous Shot the yielding Timbers bore,
 And mangled Mortals welter in their Gore.
 Here some dismember'd, anxious still to live,
 For Aid implore, but, when beyond retrieve,
 To end their Woes are plung'd into the Main,
 Where Streams of Blood imprint a Crimson Stain. 150
 Here a disabled Ship, which can't retire,
 Is grappled close by one with artful Fire,
 Which fiercely raging, they are both, at last,
 Rent from the hot Embrace by a destructive Blast.

Not distant far from this amazing Sight,
 A stately Fabrick, sorely maim'd in Fight,

The Water penetrates, 'til down she goes,
 And o'er the found'ring Hulk the furly Surges close;
 But while she floats her helpless Crew contrive
 How they may best impending Fate survive: 170
 To this Place some, to that great Numbers run,
 With glimm'ring Hopes approaching Death to shun;
 While others tow'ring on a feather'd Wave,
 Faintly contend a Moment's Life to save,
 But soon o'erwhelm'd, sink deep into the Grave.

Thus Thirst for Pow'r, Envy, and baneful Jars,
 Plunge suff'ring Mortals in destructive Wars.
 For *Hellen*, stol'n by the *Dardanian* Boy,
 The angry *Greeks* destroy'd offending *Troy*:
 And *Tyrian Carthage* met untimely Fate
 When for the World she strove with *Rome's* Imperial State.
 Thus *Rome* herself, when she'd, with awful Hand,
 Wide o'er the Globe extended her Command,
 Robb'd by intestine Feuds of boasted Fame,
 A Prey to those she once had rul'd became,
 And all her Grandure sunk into an empty Name.
 Thus States and Kingdoms, by the dire Invent
 Of brutal Strife, alternately are rent:
 But some malignant Star must influence those
 Who, fond of Ill, intrinsic Good oppose, 190
 And, *Hanno*-like, are to their Country Foes.

Such,

Such, Oh *Britannia*! hast thou lately known,
 Such were thy *Hanno*'s who distress'd the Crown,
 And basely sheathing the victorious Sword,
 Stirr'd up Rebellion 'gainst their rightful Lord.
 Those vile Abettors of the vilest Cause
 Spurn'd at Religion, Liberty, and Laws,
 And eager to possess Domestick Spoils,
 Involv'd the suff'ring Land in most unnat'ral Broils. 199

F I N I S.

Such; Oh Britain! hast thou lately known
Such were thy Hannas who distressed the Crown
And boldly breasting the victorious sword
Stir'd up Rebellion 'gainst their rightful Lord.
Thou! the Abolition of the Slave
Spurn'd at Religion, Liberty, and Law
And eager to possess domestic spoils
Involv'd the King and in most unbecoming



W. I. W. 1. 2.